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A Western bachelor editor inserts marriage under "Melancholy Accidents."

Nearly three hundred students have matriculated at the Washington and Lee University during the present season.

The London Lancet thinks that during spring, or early in the summer, cholera will reappear in Eastern Europe.

There are twenty-four vacant cardinals' hats in the Roman College, and the New York *Herald* thinks that one or more of them ought to be conferred on American prelates.

Miss Piney Woods Forsythe, who edits well the Liberty (Miss.) *Advocate*, says: We wish to embrace the present opportunity to lay aside our natural extreme modesty, and avail ourself of the time-honored custom accorded to our sex by reason of it being leap year, "to pop the question" to some of our fair young friends.

U. S. Senator Alcorn, of Mississippi, has just been interviewed at Memphis by a reporter of the Appeal. He said of the negroes:—"They do not invite me to their houses, nor do I enter their hotels or churches unless they asked me, and least of all do they force themselves into parlors of hotels or of private residences. They do not desire the enactment of Sumner's bill, and would have only those social rights which they can win by deserving."

In 1860 the taxable basis of the State of Mississippi was $500,000,000. According to Auditor Musgrove's last report it is now, in round numbers, but $150,000,000. In 1860 the collections and disbursements for carrying on the State government were, in round numbers, $400,000, which is considerably more than the average expenditures for the decade of the 1850 and '60. In 1871 the receipts were $1,338,150—the expenditures $1,729,000.

Horace Greeley says that rutabagas are not indigenous to Western farms. A Durham pig can root a baga in about two minutes. They grow best on a sandy loam, especially the red-haired ruta, which is accustomed to seaweed and intense cold. Mountainous countries they grow fast and are principally used to fatten peafowls and domestic quadrumana. In planting, a singer sewing machine is as good as any, though an iron-tooth rake will be found serviceable. Plant in rows and prune once a month with a broad-axe. Be careful that you don't make a mistake and get turnip seed.

China is beginning to couple with Europe in the matter of producing rich old uncles who die and leave large fortunes to unsuspecting American heirs in humble circumstances. A New Haven street car driver has been selected as the inaugural example of this new branch of Mongolian industry, having recently been notified that by the death of a relative in the Celestial Empire he has fallen heir to half a million dollars. Heretofore occurrences of this sort have usually come from Great Britain, and involved unportable titles of nobility rather than convertible property; and if the Chinese enterprises is always to assume the form of hard cash it will run the business of half a dozen advertising legal firms of the highest respectability.

Manhood and Citizenship.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

Under a despotism, aspiration bears a dangerous family likeness to treason, and a rigorous avoidance of public station is the dictate of simple prudence. The monarch's favorite and vizier of to-day may be the proscribed fugitive, or doomed prisoner, or headless trunk, of to-morrow; and no eminence in ability to service can be trusted to avert such catastrophe. The man who loves his family and friends, not to speak of his own life, may fairly say: "I have no right to expose my loved ones to the peril of disaster and downfall; so I will cling to private station, wherein no one can deem my over-throw essential to his own advancement or success, rather than brave the dangers of a public career. Born a subject, I choose to live and die undistinguished, and thus be sure that it can never be deemed a crime in my children to strew flowers over my grave."

Liberty is attended by grave responsibilities. The freeman may not blamelessly reject or decline all the active duties of citizenship. He is, by birth or naturalization, a member of the State, and under moral obligation to contribute his quota toward its wise and intelligent guidance, as well as its material support. Though there be a few conscientious men who, under a mistaken conception of principle, refuse to vote or accept any political responsibility, because the State is not what they hold it should be, the true freeman accepts the duties of an elector precisely as he does those of a juror or a taxpayer, and discharges them with like cheerful alacrity and scrupulous fidelity.

—"But may he not justifiably decline office, and all other political functions than those of a private citizen?"

I answer: He may not only justifiably, but wisely, refrain from *seeking* office. He may say in his heart, and whenever it may be requisite, avow, that he disires no farther evidence of his fellow-citizens' good opinion than that afforded by their uniform deportment toward him. He may rightfully and heartily loathe the idea of being supported by the public, whether in an office or an almshouse. He may laudably say to all who approach him with suggestions that he ought to have or to inspire to public station, "I will never solicit any man's support for office. So long as my countrymen can do without my services, I can do without their votes. I ask of them nothing but justice in legislation and in jurisprudence, whereby every one is enabled to enjoy what he honestly earns, and to keep whatever is righteously his own." Let him maintain this attitude sincerely, consistently, and he is not likely to be infested with many solicitations that he take office.

No doubt, there have been, as I trust there will yet be, instances in which office honors alike givers and recipients. When George Washington, the retired militia-colonel, was called from his farm to assume the chief command of the continental forces raised and to be raised by the united colonies to resist the tyranny of the British king of whom they would fain have remained faithful subjects, but not cringing slaves, the cause of popular government was exalted by the happiness of the choice. When the subaltern Bonaparte, after a brief inition into the practical art of war at the siege of Toulon, was appointed, though hardly twenty-six years old, leader of the Army of Italy, the selection would have consigned its responsible authors to infamy, had it not been speedily justified by a series of victories. When John Randolph—a beardless stripling, apparently just out of boyhood—was asked by the Clerk of the House of Representatives, whom he had approached to take the oath of a Member, "What is your age, Mr. Randolph?" he promptly and happily replied: "Ask my constituents!" It impeached their intelligence and loyalty to suspect that they had elected a representative who was not of the age required by the Constitution. Either he was qualified for his duties, or they were not qualified for theirs.

In our day, whoever attains office is presumed to have sought it, and with less regard to the public good than to his own. Such may be the rule; yet there are noble and striking exceptions. The veteran Thiers, standing up alone in a servile, furious legislative Assembly so declare, in defiance of their outcries and menaces, that France was unprepared for War, and when overwhelming disaster proved his warning too true, hurrying from capital to capital to seek to aid too long deemed needless, yet, in spite of his ill-success, called by a practically unanimous acclaim to the headship of the country he had failed to save from the deepest humiliation, and there maintained, though the peace he was constrained to accept was most galling to the national susceptibilities of a proud and fickle people, is a noble theme for the future historian. In this hey-day of materialism and of skepticism, there is still a sphere and work for the patriot statesman.

Yes, there is still room for patriotic ardor, for devotion, and even self-sacrifice. The average mind, even in this land of comparative enlightenment, still needs to be rescued from prejudice, from ignorance, from obliquity of vision. The thoughts of too many run blindly in the narrowest ruts of partizanship; they see only good in whatever is done by one party, nought but evil in every effort of the other. As the battlefields where momentous controversies have been fought out are abandoned by the gallant hosts who lately reddened them with generous blood, the plunderers of the slain grope and strive in their mutual eagerness to monopolize the bulk of the spoil. So long as a party-cry gives promise of success, it is hard indeed for an average politician to realize that its meaning is exhausted, its relevancy a thing of the past.

The youth of free country should intensely abhor the thought of finding in politics or public employment a means of living; for whoever does so must consider primarily, not what political action is required by considerations of public good, but what course promises to give him the position or the emolument he deems indispensible. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon" interposes its stern admonition here, as almost everywhere else. He who seeks to live by politics can never be faithful to a lofty ideal. He must trim, and shuffle, and smother his convictions, and so grow in favor with his chiefs or compatriots, elevating their conception of his usefulness and efficiency at the cost of his own self-respect and moral sensibility.

Pretens assuming, passing through, discarding in turn, a thousand shapes, yet remaining ever in essence the same, is often the prototype of the patriot, who finds himself called to confront to-day evils which have supplanted or dwarfed those which it was his duty to resist but yesterday. "What!" queries Narrow-brain, honest and tenacious, "you asked me yesterday to resist unauthorized taxation; to-day it is Slavery; to-morrow it bids fair to be Woman's subordination: You take my breath away; I cannot keep up with your break-neck velocity." And that is the sober, literal truth. He is no more blamable in the premises than the tortoise for not being an eagle. All that can be fairly asked of the tortoise is a recognition of the truth that the eagle is, itself, true to his own nature.

To live for his country, not upon it; to expand its resources, not help to exhaust them; to seek ever to correct and enlighten its public sentiment, not live in vassalage to its ruling impulses, right or wrong—such is the true position of the patriot citizen of a free State. May his race be multipled, and his shadow never be less!

Prince Napoleon some time ago purchased a mansion at Lancaster Gate, fronting Hyde Park. Here are stowed the remains of this splendid art collection, two-thirds of which were burned or stolen by the mob, at the Palais Royale, last May. Fortunately, some of the finest works were among the number saved, including a statue of the mother of the Prince, which was broken but reconstructed; six basis of Napoleon I.; a statue of Washington by Canova, almost ruined, however; a bust of Victor Emmanuel; and a vast collection of ancient and modern masterpieces of painting, together with a bewildering array of Sevres and other china, plate, lamps and articles of *vertu*. All but those articles which possess a family interest are to be sold soon.

The daughter of the Mayor of one of the largest Western cities was recently arrested in the streets for drunkenness, and her indignant father had the policeman who performed the date discharged.

An Active Farmer.

Among the many farms it has been our pleasure to visit has been that of Mr. John Wheeler of Westbrook.—He cultivates two farms, one containing 150 acress, and another three-quarters of a mile distant, containing 72 acres.

He cut from these two farms 180 tons of hay, 1500 bushels of ears of corn, 2000 bushels of turnips, which he sold for 25 cents per bushel, and oats estimated at 1000 bushels. He has cut 300 tons of hay a year. His facilities for cutting and harvesting hay are excellent. He prefers the Clipper Mower, the Bullard Tedder and the Bay State horserake. He sometimes gets into the barn 50 loads of hay in a day. He has 40 acres seeded down to grass last year and has 50 acres more to seed down the coming spring. He husked and housed his corn in 62 days from planting, and the year before in 68 days. His hay cost him last year $1.42 per ton.

On the smallest farm of 75 acres he has sold during three years for cash, to the amount of $6500.

He goes into the raising of horses, not as a horse jockey who happens to have a smart horse spends all his time upon him, but as a legitimate business. He now has 41 horses.—Among them is a two year old weighing 1125 pounds, from a Drew and English; two from a Drew and Messenger; two from a Morgan Messenger, from Robert Bonner; one from Kentucky Chief; one from Hambletonian and Morgan; one after Conqueror, a Percheron horse and a Clyde; one from a Rysdyk Hambletonian and Messenger; two from Sherman Black Hawk, weighing 1400 pounds each; one pair from Gilbreth Knox; one pair heavy Pennsylvania horses, one pair Morgans, one pair half blood Clydes, one pair, pedigree unknown, one Clyde weighing 1400 pounds. He also has 30 head of cattle embracing full blood Durhams, Jerseys half bloods of Devons and Ayrshires.

He has only nine acres of pasture in both farms. He keeps his stock up summer and winter. Feeds his cows on cut feed with cotton seed and corn cob meal, and sells his milk in the village.

The wonder comes how he raises so much. The simple answer is an abundance of manure. Go into his stables and you see an abundance of plaster spreads over the stalls. He keeps a team hauling manure about nine months in the year. He hauls his manure into the field near where it is to be used and composts it largely with earth. He estimates that he now has 5000 cords of manure stacked up. This is stacked up and shoveled over three times before using it. He top dresses the whole farm immediately after having, the sooner the better. He raised 35 tons, by weight, of mangold murzel on three-fourths of an acre of land requiring about 150 loads of manure, but he has raised no grass on it to speak of since. He thinks that turnips, beets and sweet corn are too exhausting to the soil to be profitable. He feels his mowing grounds immediately after having. He made a curious machine for breaking up the clods of manure after it is spread, and the same is better than a roller in seeding down land. He buys refuse rags at the paper mill for $30 per ton, which he composts into excellent manure. He paid $4,300 for 75 acres, and the gross income the first year was $3000.

Such are some of the statistics of this farm. There are some of the statistics of this farm. There are no rocks on it and the soil is a strong clay loan.

Mr. Wheeler's history is a romantic one. A traveller in S. America, living in Mexico when the Mexican war broke out, went to California in 1850 with a party of forty persons, he ascended Feather river to the foot of Mt. Shasta, where all but two perished; had the small-pox among the Indians, crossed the plains three times, drove a stage and dug for gold and traded horses in California, was an orderly in our late war under Gen'l. Butler, lived three months among the Mormons, has had a broken hip, broken shoulder, had his skull split open, a part of his ear shot off, a stiletto, through his hand, and how much more we do not know, but he has passed through this and much more, and is now hale and hearty. He settles down a good and industrious citizen, and shows what a man can do with manure. He now has 400 bushels of parsnips to dig for his cattle in the spring. Whatever he does must have a large amount of manure. It is true his farm was in excellent condition when he took it, but his great success has been in keeping it so. It is not to be expected that every farmer can do as he has done, but every man should strive to keep his farm in as good condition as possible so long as he cultivates it.

The blacks have never raised themselves above the savage state.—*Ex.*

This is gross injustice to the negro. We know that in the past he has been debarred of privileges which would have enabled him to display the extent of his ability for improvement. It is true, that laboring under the restrictions of the past, he has played a very insignificant part, other than a laborer, but it must be admitted that since his freedom, and the many advantages he now enjoys, that he has made greater progress in mental improvement than was expected of him. He has advanced rapidly, and if he continues to improve in the future at the same ratio he has done the past five years, he will become as a race a useful and enterprising class of citizens.

The colored man is now a citizen He has a voice in the affairs of State; such being the case, it is the interest of the country, and to such citizen thereof, that all legitimate chances for mental and moral development should be offered him. It is to be expected that many of the grown ones, owing to ignorance and their early training, will be thriftless, worthless, and, in many instances, vicious, and continue to be devotees at the shrine of superstition; but that the race will relapse into a savage state is not warranted by their acts and demeanor since having been freed by a combination of circumstances.

It must be admitted that we of the white race have been disappointed in our estimation of his mental ability and confiding nature. We are confident that if the proper influences are thrown around the colored people of the South, that they will never become an impediment in the way of our national prosperity. As a Christian people, we should do all in our power to elevate him.—*Corinth* (Miss.) *News.*

The expedition sent out by the New York *Herald* to find Dr. Livingstone, and get advance news of his discoveries, is likely to increase the wonderment of the English journalists. It is altogether the most remarkable example of newspaper enterprise in modern times. Their Abyssinian correspondent set out from Bagomoyo, near Zanzibar, with a force consisting of 3 white men, 22 soldiers, 4 supernumeraries, 82 pagazis or carriers, in all 113 persons, 27 donkeys and 2 horses, and at last advices had reached a point 525 miles in the interior. Eight thousand dollars were expended at the start, for cloth, beads and wire, which constitutes the circulating medium or money of Interior Africa.

THE COTTON TAX.—The following paragraph appears in the New York (Feb. 10,) letter of the Savannah *Republican*:

"It may interest your readers to learn that an effort is being made at Washington to have the cotton tax refunded. Some $70,000,000 is about what was unjustly wrung from the South in her time of greatest misery by this nefarious tax. Is it with regret that I have to mention, but I am fearful the chances of getting the money back are very slim.—It might be done, providing some eight or ten million dollars could be spared in hard cash for lobbying purposes, though few would be willing to risk good dollars after bad ones."

This is stated by the New Iberia *Sugar-Bowl*:

"We learn from a gentleman who was in Donaldsonville at the time that about two weeks ago Miss La Reine, a maiden lady of that place, who had been for some time sick, died and was laid out. Preparations were made to bury her, and the friends gathered to follow her remains, when it was remarked that her body still remained warm. A physician was sent for; she was found to be still alive, and soon began to move, when she was taken from the coffin and put back in bed. She did not recover consciousness, but finally died within the next twenty-four hours."

A Woolly Wonder.

An animal arrived in the city Monday which is quite an odity and a curiosity, and rivals Barnum's famous woolly horse. From the appearance is of the quadrupeded it is hard to decide whether he is a horse or mule, although his appearance is the most like a horse. His tail resembles a mule's, and his head looks somewhat like a mule's head. The general shape and action of his body is that of a horse and the hoofs are those of a horse. He is covered over with a heavy coat of curly hair of a sorrel color, so heavy that it can be grasped by running the fingers through it. The curls are short, crisp and distinct, and the effect upon the eye is somewhat like that produced by curly maple. He was raised in Curry county, Oregon, by J. N. Dougherty, who says he is a quadroon, or a cross between a horse and a mule. There have been but three authenticated cases of a mule giving birth to offspring, and if this is a fourth, the fact will invest the animal with additional interest. His disposition closely resembles that of a mule. He has a mule's trot, and can hardly be urged into a gallop. He will not submit to being led, but under the saddle will travel passably well, although scares and shies badly and often acts decidedly "mulish." He will not work in harness. He is about three and a half years old. His owner brought him down from Oregon with a view of taking him to Barnum's Museum in New York, but Woodward, the Barnum of the Pacific coast, denies the right of the New York Barnum to have all the woolly horses; and has stopped this one. He will be placed on exhibition at the Gardens.—San Francisco *Bulletin.*

REMOVAL OF THE CAPITAL FROM NEW YORK TO PHILADELPHIA.—In accordance with law, Congress met at the close of the year, December 11, 1790 in Philadelphia, where it was destined to remain while Alexander Hamilton was at the head of the Treasury.

The meagre annals of the day which have been preserved give lugubrious pictures of the annoyances endured by the officials of the government in making this change in their residence. By many and vexations processes their household furniture and the government property were conveyed away to the banks of the Delaware in sailing sloops. Mrs. Washington was made sick by the annoyance and excitement, and "the General," with the most scrupulous care, personally attended to the disposition of his household property, sending a part to auction sale at the "Coffee-house," and superintending the packing of the remainder, accompanying the loads to the vessel to see that every thing was safely delivered; doing all this much to the astonishment of the worthy burghers, who had heretofore seen but little of the "chief magistrate," except on most ceremonious state occasions.

On the opening of Congress at Philadelphia, it may be justly said that the government was for the first time thoroughly organized. The cabinet was completed, the debts of the nation funded, an elaborate and most perfect act passed for the collection of the revenue; and the national existence, relieved from the first and most responsible steps, could now confidently make rapid strides toward prosperity. From "The United States Treasury Department," by Colonel T. B. THORPE, in *Harper's Magazine for March.*

The following curious incident in the life of the present Emperor of Russia is related in a recently published biography. One day the late Emperor Nicholas, hearing a great noise in the room in the Winter Palace where his children were playing, went into see what was the matter. He found Constanstine holding down his brother Alexander by both knees and pulling with all his strength at the knot of a cravat which he had tied around Alexander's throat.—Alexander, who was nearly throttled, was begging for mercy, and his father came in time to save him. On being asked the meaning of this strange scene, Constantine explained to his father that they were reenacting a well known event in Russian history—the assassination of the Emperor Paul I. Constantine was put under arrest for having attempted to strangle the Czarewitch, and Alexander was sent to prison because he cried for mercy.